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Joseph H. Carter Jr.
with the love and kind wishes of
and best regards

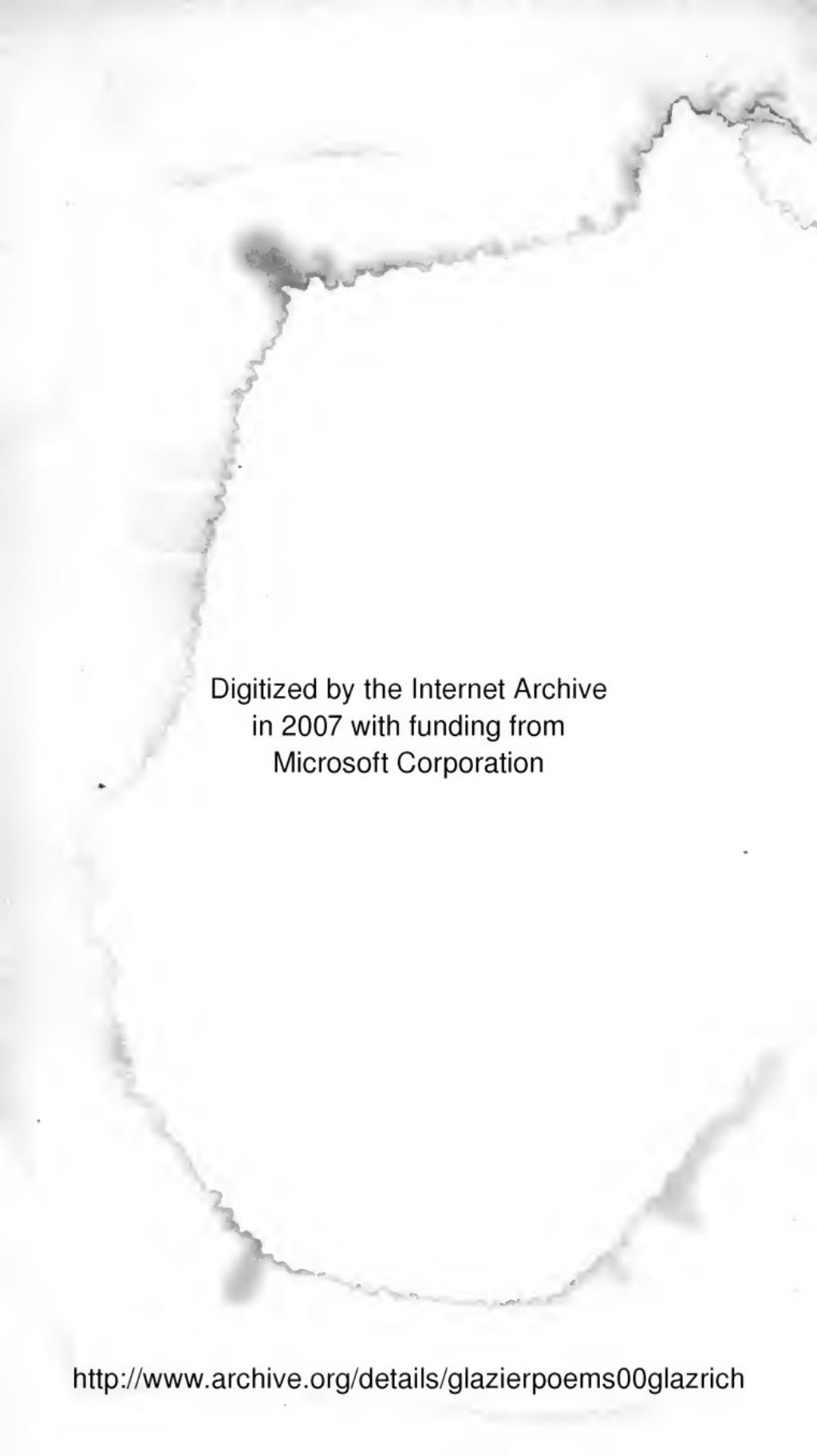
Dec 25, 1832



~~Whitney~~

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JAMAICA BL.

A faint, large watermark of a classical building, possibly a library or cathedral, is visible in the background. It features a central tower with a dome and four smaller columns supporting a balcony-like structure.

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P O E M S .



P O E M S

B Y

WILLIAM BELCHER GLAZIER.



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By WILLIAM B. GLAZIER,
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TO MILES
AMERONIUS

TO

CHARLES COPELAND NUTTER,

I DEDICATE THIS VOLUME IN MEMORY OF AN OLD AND
UNFAILING FRIENDSHIP.

1*

M191938



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P O E M S.



P O E M S .

THE HOSTEL.

LONG ago in merry England,
Sheltered from the dust and heat
By old elms, a quiet Hostel
Near the road-side wooed retreat.

At the door a sign was swinging,
Blazoned with a quaint device,
Telling how good cheer and lodging
Might be had for little price.

'Neath its eaves the dripping water,
In a trough fell bright and chill,
There the panting, wearied horses
Of the wagoner drank their fill.

There the host, so red and burly,
Drew for all a cheering draught,
There the traveler, tired and dusty,
From the foaming flagon quaffed.

'Round the walls were hung the tankards,
Filled so oft with mighty ale,
On whose burnished sides the firelight
Fitfully would flash and fail.

And from old and oaken rafters,
Joints and flitches thickly hung,
There the pilgrim, faint and hungry,
Often longing glances flung.

Many a time to jovial carols,
Shook the windows, shook the floor,
Many a time the host so burly,
Ne'er till daybreak barred his door.

Once, a troop of weary travelers,
Faint and failing on the road,
Saw how, on the Hostel windows,
Red the summer sunset glowed.

At the old and much worn door-sill
 Stood the host, whose shining face,
Flushed and ruddy as the sunset,
 Had for them a wondrous grace.

Frank and hearty was his greeting,
 And they 'lighted from their steeds,
Entered in the ancient Hostel,
 Pressed its floor bestrewn with reeds.

Then was broached the oldest hogshead,
 Then was served the choicest fare,
Then arose the jest and laughter,
 Then was stifled every care.

They were guests of different station,
 Knight and yeoman, rich and poor,
But the grades of rank and riches
 Vanished at the Hostel door.

There they sat until the shadows
 Lengthened of the elm trees old,
There they sat until the moonrise
 Made the tankards shine like gold.

Timidly the door was opened,
And a vagrant minstrel pressed,
With a faltering step, the threshold,
Seeking shelter, seeking rest.

But a stalwart knight, arising,
Said "Sir Minstrel, never fear !
Enter in and sit beside us,
Thou art gladly welcome here."

He was young and slightly fashioned,
With a face, as woman's, fair,
And adown his neck and shoulders,
Fell his long and golden hair.

Then they placed him at their table,
Gave to him the highest seat,
Filled for him the foaming flagon,
Set before him wine and meat.

There he sat amid the yeomen,
'Mid the Knights so stout and tall,
And his soft and wondrous beauty
Fell, like sunshine, on them all.

Lovingly the moonlight lingered
O'er his long and waving hair,
Stealing on his gentle features,
Making fairness still more fair.

But at length their meal was ended,
And they made him this request,—
“Sing to us, oh gentle Minstrel,
Sing, before we go to rest.”

In his hand his harp is lying,
O'er its strings his fingers sweep,
And the music that had slumbered
In its chords awakes from sleep.

Then his voice with it is blended,
Laden with a warlike strain,
How the flower of England's warriors
Conquered on the battle plain.

Close his listeners press around him,
For, within each good knight's breast,
Memories of hard fought battles
Waken from their wild unrest.

Now his strain is lower, sweeter,
Love is lingering on the strings,
'Tis a tale of burning passion,
That the vagrant minstrel sings.

And from many a quivering eyelid,
And on many a manly cheek,
Falls the tear that tells their secret,
Secret that they may not speak.

Slower, slower steals the measure,
And, amid the breathless calm,
From his harp ascends to Heaven,
A devout and holy psalm.

Then is traced upon each bosom
Of the cross the holy sign,
Then awaken in each spirit,
Yearnings sacred and divine.

And the moonlight filled the Hostel,
With a strange and solemn light ;
With its rays the music mingled,
Making mystical the night.

Ceased the minstrel ; but the echoes
 Yet were throbbing in the room,
As when after flowers are withered,
 Still there lingers their perfume.

Ere his listeners knew his absence,
 From their midst the bard had gone,
Passed across the much worn door-sill,
 Went out in the night alone.

O'er the guests of that old Hostel,
 Fell, that night, a sleep serene,
And the memory of the minstrel
 In their hearts, till death, was green.

Thus, along life's weary journey,
 Song, a gift from Heaven, is thrown,
Strong to rouse each generous passion,
 Sweet in memory when 'tis flown.

THE WILLOW BY THE BROOK.

Still it groweth with golden branches,
 In that quiet, shadowy nook,
Still it bendeth to kiss the water,
 When by the west wind shook,
Still the wealth of Summer is lavished
 On that Willow by the Brook.

Long ago I lingered beneath it,
 When my cheek was hot with youth,
Ere Falsehood and Change had entered
 In the field of Love and Truth,
Ere my spirit became a gleaner
 For the scattered ears, like Ruth.

It was through your pendulous branches,
 In a blessed night of June,
That the beautiful stars of evening,

As they heralded the moon,
Saw a hope in my heart arising,
A hope that set too soon.

Softly, softly hurried the waters
As they sought the silent lea ;
They were bearing upon their bosom
A blossom dropped from thee,
In my heart a current was flowing
That bore how much from me !

Is there never a word of warning
That can come from lifeless things ?
Must the flower that tells your passion
Ne'er breathe the woe it brings ?
Why did not your boughs, Oh Willow !
Fold me 'round like Angel wings ?

Though the hand was clasping and gentle,
And the lip was soft and sweet,
Though the heart was hastily throbbing,
That upon my bosom beat,
Why was not that brook a barrier
Over which we might not meet ?

Years have vanished, but yet the willow
Is fringed as then with leaves,
Still, through its tremulous branches,
Shadow with sunlight weaves,
And the brook, those branches caressing,
Still over its pebbles grieves.

And the bees in the innermost foliage,
Make a pleasant dreamy sound ;
In the heart of every blossom
They have stores of richness found ;
And they fly but slowly homeward
With their fruit of labor crowned.

So, amid thy leaves, Oh Willow !
Does Memory's music ring,
And under thy drooping branches,
I feel once more life's spring,
And dreams of the Past to my spirit
Their fragrant treasures bring.

SPRING VIOLETS.

What tender thoughts around the heart will cling !
What memories the spirit will beset !
Whene'er we find the nursling of the Spring,
Its first, young Violet.

Dear prophet of the Summer time thou art,
And, though the April wind is bleak and cold,
A ray of sunshine glances through my heart,
Shot from thy leaves' blue fold.

The gaudier rose hath not put forth her buds,
The buttercup is no where seen to bloom,
Undecked by leaves still stand the wintry woods,
But thou, the meek, hast come !

How hast thou borne in all thy gentleness,
The clouds and rain that frowned upon thy birth,
And yet, unwithered, kept thy power to bless
The weary ones of Earth?

Who loves thee not? — the sturdy son of toil
Gazes with fondness in thine upturned eye,
And, where thy quiet beauty glads the soil,
His step goes lightly by.

Let him, worn down with manhood's strivings, say
If thy calm beauty, pure and undefiled,
Recalleth not the happy, heedless day
He plucked thee, when a child.

How oft hast thou become to loving hearts,
A symbol of their passion and desire,
To such thy very timidness imparts
Strength to their hidden fire.

For, in thy soft and fragile beauty, they,
As in a vision, see the loved one's charm,—
“ This hue but mimics her sweet eye,” they say,
“ This gracefulness her form.”

A lesson to my spirit thou dost bring,
Sweet Violet ! wet with April's fickle shower,
The heart, like Earth, must ever have its spring,
And Love is its first flower.

Long ere Ambition opes its gaudy flowers,
Ere Worldly Pleasures waft their sweet perfume,
Or buds of memory burst 'neath sorrow's showers,
Thou, first, fond Love ! dost bloom.

Thy petals may be wet with bitter tears,
Thy leaves be ruffled by the saddest sighs,
And still thy blossom timidly uprears
Beneath the darkest skies.

And, from that blossom, in the starless night,
Gleams out a promise of Hope's cloudless noon,
Thus trembles in the Eastern skies the light
Of the unrisen moon.

Still bloom, ye Violets ! and make glad the earth
With blest foreshadowings of sunny days,
Still in the heart, oh First Love ! may thy birth
A light in darkness raise.

THE OLD MAN'S CHRISTMAS REVERIE.

I'M getting old, the locks that once about my temples
curled,
Are growing thin and silvery with much rubbing 'gainst
the world ;
And there are wrinkles on my brow, and crows-feet 'round
my eyes,
Enough to give to me the look of being old and wise ;
And yet, when Christmas comes along with all its mirth
and joy,
Upon my word, I can't resist this feeling like a boy ;
The same old passions waken at the belfry's merry chime,
That stirred me fifty years ago at happy Christmas time.

How still the snow is falling, and how lightly it comes
down,
And covers with a stainless sheet the landscape dull and
brown ;

But stiller and more lightly fell the snow of age on me,
And it covers with as chill a sheet Life's sere and withered
tree ;
The summer sun shall bare the Earth and bid its blossoms
blow,
No sun of youth can ever melt Time's frost from off my
brow ;
But what of that, my heart ne'er felt of age the winter
time,
For it beats as fast as ever at the merry Christmas chime.

I remember, when a restless boy, I used to count the days
Before, within the fire place huge, the Christmas log would
blaze ;
How countless pies and mighty joints would crowd my
busy dreams,
And Christmas sports would ever fill my school-indited
themes ;
How, early in the morning, while the night still fought
with day,
I arose, and sought the chambers, where my elders,
slumbering, lay,
And shouted out a fragment of some rough and ancient
rhyme
“ Awake, nor longer slumber, for 'tis happy Christmas
time.”

When boyhood fled and youth came on, then Christmas
day to me
Still brought its old delights again, still wore its look of
glee ;
But stormier passions swept my soul and love was in my
heart,
A love that maketh even now my memory's dearest part ;
The mistletoe hung on the wall, and, in the firelight's flush,
A gentle maiden turned her lips to mine with many a
blush ;
Its branches waved above us and aroused a love sublime
That erst had slumbered in my heart till that sweet Christ-
mas time.

Years spent on land and sea rolled by, and home again
once more,
And kindly hearts and welcome hands still met me at the
door ;
But there was one whose gentle cheek grew crimson at my
voice,
Whose low, soft tones of greeting made my heart the most
rejoice ;
The same old revels came again, but with a holier joy
Than that which filled my spirit when a wild and wanton
boy ;

For at home I found a treasure that enriched no other
clime,
And I won, as well as wooed my bride, at happy Christmas
time.

Another Christmas came apace, but came 'mid storm and
snow,
And a chilling sense of sorrow was upon my pulse's flow ;
For my heart's sweet flower was blighted, my light of life
had fled,
The bride I won at Christmas time, at Christmas time was
dead ;
The house was hushed with loneliness, no sound of mirth
was there,
And in its place there only rose the low sob of despair ;
But my breaking heart felt lighter at the old bell's joyous
chime,
For I thought of Him who came to save, of old, at Christ-
mas time.

Time lightens every sorrow, and, although it still remained,
The memory of the lost one no more my spirit pained ;
And as each Christmas came along, when, gathered 'round
the board

We prolonged the merry carol, or exchanged the friendly word,

I filled a cup in silence, and drained it with a tear,
To her, who, now an angel, had on earth been very dear ;
And then the happy influence of the belfry's merry chime
Came o'er me like a blessing, and I blessed the Christmas time.

We have grown old together, dear friend, and we have known

No coldness in each other's hearts, or in each other's tone ;
There have many sunk beside us who in youth were gay
as we,

And we hang upon Life's branches like those dry leaves
on that tree ;

This Christmas day may be our last, so pile the blazing fire,

Fill up the quaint old tankard, and draw each other nigher ;
And list the toast I give you, " May the old bell's joyous chime

Ne'er fall on hearts less glad than ours at this sweet Christmas time ! "

NEARER TO THEE.⁺

YEARS, years have fled, since, hushed in thy last slumber,
They laid thee down beneath the old elm tree ;
But with a patient heart each day I number,
Because it brings me nearer still to thee.

The twilight comes and robes in softened splendor
All that is beautiful on land or sea,
And o'er my spirit flings an influence tender,
For in that hour I nearer seem to thee.

The night is gone, and, as the mists of morning
Before the Day God's burning presence flee,
Then in my heart a welcome light is dawning,
That cheers me as I nearer press to thee.

John Prairie,

Brother of the author

I sometimes think thy spirit kindly watches
Over the heart that loved so tenderly,
For there are rapturous moments when it catches,
As if in dreams, a blessed glimpse of thee.

In those sweet seasons thou dost come before me,
With loveliness that Earth may never see,
I feel thy presence like a blessing o'er me,
And then I know I nearer am to thee.

When from these dreams I tearfully awaken,
Colder than ever seems the earth to me ;
But yet all hopes have not my heart forsaken,
Am I not drawing nearer, nearer thee ?

'Thou wert Life's angel ! how I loved, adored thee,
Ere death had set thy gentle spirit free ;
And now thou know'st how oft I have implored thee
To bring me nearer, nearer still to thee.

Nearer to thee ; — to night the stars are burning
In skies that must thy blessed dwelling be ;
Thou canst not leave them, unto Earth returning,
But I am pressing nearer still to thee.

Nearer to thee ; — how long, how long encumbered
With mortal fetters must my spirit be ;
With but one wish, one hope through Life I've slumbered,
The wish, the hope to be yet nearer thee.

Nearer to thee ; — I know my prayer is granted,
I know thy spirit now is close to me ;
Not, not in vain this hope my heart hath haunted,
Each pulse-beat brings me nearer, nearer thee.

THE RIVER OF SLEEP.

IN the Land of Dreams there floweth
A river with gentlest wave,
And there walk on its farther border,
Those who have slept in the grave ;
There, where the flowers are sweetest,
Where the storm and the night ne'er come,
They have buried the Past and its sadness,
In the bliss of that Dream-land home.

And never upon that river,
Is heard the dip of an oar,
And never the foot of a boatman,
Is pressed on its pebbly shore ;
You may gaze across the water,
At the fields, all gemmed with flowers,
You may catch the breath of the fragrance,
That floats from the sacred bowers ;

But a viewless arm and mighty,
Is ever about you thrown,
And you never may cross that river,
But listen and gaze alone.

In the Land of Dreams, an Angel,
Who seemeth a watch to keep,
Will lead you down to the river,
That must ever, unruffled, sleep ;
And a whisper, soft and haunting,
And a fair and holy hand,
Will utter the names of the loved ones,
Will point you to where they stand.

Across that river there wander,
The beautiful, true and brave,
And the sound of their well known voices
Comes dreamily over the wave ;
Those tones from lips are stealing,
You never may kiss again ;
Those forms that your strained eye blesses,
It blesses, alas, in vain ;
For a mortal foot may never
Be set on the farther shore,
And the sight that the Angel sheweth,
Perchance she may show no more.

SNOW.

FALL thickly on the rose bush,
Oh, faintly falling snow !
For she is gone who trained its branch,
And wooed its bud to blow.

Cover the well known pathway,
Oh, damp December snow !
Her step no longer lingers there,
When stars begin to glow.

Melt in the rapid river,
Oh, cold and cheerless snow !
She sees no more its sudden wave,
Nor hears its foaming flow.

Chill every song bird's music,
Oh, silent, sullen snow !
I cannot hear her loving voice,
That lulled me long ago.

Sleep on the Earth's broad bosom,
Oh, weary, winter snow !
Its fragrant flowers and blithesome birds
Should with its loved one go.

FEVER.

Thou hast been ill, and I was never nigh thee,
I, whose existence by thine own was fed ;
I did not watch in patient silence by thee,
I did not pray beside thy fevered bed :
True, there were gentler forms about thee moving,
And softer hands were fondly clasped in thine,
But yet there beat not there a heart more loving,
There was no keener agony than mine.

Could I have kneeled beside thee, and have told thee
All my full heart would gladly have outpoured,
Had it been granted in these arms to fold thee,
Gazing into thine eyes without a word,
Or to have kissed thy cheek, so hot and throbbing,
Or to my own thine aching forehead pressed,
Or to have soothed thy low and half heard sobbing,
Thou hadst been happy, I had been too blest.

I could have hushed my breath while thou wert sleeping,
And, when thine eyes from slumber should unclose,
The same fond glance should meet them, dimmed with
weeping,

As that which met them ere they sought repose :
And if the wing of Death had o'er thee hovered,
With its slow motion swaying Life's dull tide,
From its chill shadow I had thee recovered,
Or in it sunk, unshrinking, at thy side.

Alas ! thou might'st have died, and yet, beside thee,
Have never seen my form, or heard me speak,
Love's last fond accents might have been denied thee,
Love's latest kiss have never pressed thy cheek ;
I might have mingled in the world, and never
Have felt the blessing that thy dying prayer
Was for the one that soon from thee would sever,
Was, that he yet thy happiness might share.

The midnight came, and I could never slumber,
The morning came, and brought the night's unrest ;
The thought that thou in pain the hours must number,
Filled with a deeper pain my quickened breast.
And when, at eve, the stars, so calm and holy,
Looked on the earth, there came the bitter fear

That thy pure soul, unmeet for mine so lowly,
Must seek their sky, its only fitting sphere.

But thou art spared me, oh ! this stubborn spirit,
Unbent before, is meek and thankful now ;
The garland of thy love I did not merit,
And yet it is not plucked from off my brow :
And in my dreams thy semblance, like an Angel,
Smiles gently on me, bids me not to fear ;
Into my spirit sinks the blest Evangel,
And echoes sweetly, “ Be thou of good cheer.”

AT SEA.

THE shafts of sunset quivered
In the bosom of the wave,
As if thus the heavenly archer,
Pointed out the sick man's grave.

'There were faces bending o'er him,
As the step of Death drew nigh ;
You might hear that fearful footfall,
In the sufferer's labored sigh.

There were tears upon each eyelid,
And a sadness in each breath,
For a common heart is beating
At the common bed of Death.

At the silent group he looketh,
With a glance that seems to say,
“ I had friends I left behind me,
“ I am dying, where are they ? ”

Hearts ! that throbbed for him at twilight,
Eyes ! that watched for him at morn,
Felt ye then no pang or dimness,
That might tell you, “ He is gone ? ”

Where the golden light had quivered,
In the bosom of the wave,
Strange hearts and hands have left him,
Sinking, sinking in his grave.

THE STATESMAN.

Across Katahdin's sullen brow,
Old centuries of storm have swept ; —
The look of pride he weareth now,
He hath for ages kept.

The strength of wind, and rain, and snow,
The strength of the Eternal Hill !
The one hath withered long ago,
The other liveth still.

A mightier mountain meets with scorn,
Insensate clamor hissing by,
Its top may be obscured at morn,
At noon it cleaves the sky.

The strength of envy, falsehood, hate ;
The strength of the Immortal mind ;
That, basely born to baser fate,
This, by its God designed.

The bigot to misshapen creeds,
Between whom and the Truth is hung
A veil of doubt and falsehood, reads
With slow and stammering tongue.

The Statesman looks with keenest sight,
Through Error's sad and dim eclipse,
And speaks Truth's words of living light,
With firm, unfaltering lips.

Still beat, oh, great and noble heart !
Within the bosom of the laws,
And still be strong, oh, stoutest part
Of Truth's most holy cause !

THE EARLIEST IDOL.

THE heart hath many memories,
It treasures up with miser care,
And 'midst them, like a jewel, lies
That of first Love, the brightest there.

Ah, who hath not remembrance sweet
Of hours that passion made its own,
When youth and loveliness would meet,
And give to Life a magic tone.

Such hours were mine, the light they cast,
Gleams in the chambers of my mind,
And, by its fitful beam, the Past
I see in Memory's cell enshrined.

The heart's first love, — when daylight sets,
And evening bringeth memories dear,
Then she, whom Passion ne'er forgets,
Uncalled, unbidden, stealeth near.

She gazeth on me, her brown hair
Is parted crosswise on her brow,
The golden halo lingereth there,
Which once I loved, but may not now.

And tearfully her gray eyes look
Upon me as in days of yore, —
No more, no more, — I cannot brook
To see thee thus when hope is o'er.

Still, let me fondly summon up
Some traces of that tender dream !
Thus do I pledge it in the cup,
For wine must quicken Memory's stream.

We met, 'twas in the summer time,
The blessed time of birds and flowers,
When Love at birth leaps to his prime,
Nor lingers through his infant hours.

We both were young ; Life's cloudless sky
Was bright and glorious, in its hue
We saw our hopes reflected lie,
Like lilies in the waters blue.

We loved ; the spirit's hoarded store
Fell from the heart as fast as rain ;
Fond heart ! how dost thou now deplore
The wealth that comes not back again.

With every word that died in air,
There rose another twice as kind ;
With every sigh that trembled there,
Another followed close behind.

Then parting came, its hopes and fears,
Its oft repeated, sad farewell,
Vows heart-coined, struggling up through tears,
Came with it, and thus broke the spell.

One niche is empty in my heart,
One chord forever hushed and still
I often enter there, apart,
To miss the note that once could thrill.

PEMMAQUID LIGHT.

WINDETH the white and dusty way,
O'er uplands green, by low roofed homes,
Through forests where, in sunniest day,
Nought but a sleepy darkness comes.

Behind us lies the busy town,
Beside us flows the broad blue stream,
Before us fields, asleep and brown,
Of many a future harvest dream.

The hamlet and its noisy mill,
The valley and the sloping lea
Fly past us, we have reached the hill,
Its top is gained, and, lo, the Sea !

But not without a struggle yields
Earth to her foe the right to reign ;
See where her hosts still bear their shields !
See where the Isles defy the main !

Oh, gallant band ! your brows are worn,
With the perpetual strife of years,
And but one sound is from ye borne,
Your laugh at Ocean's angry tears.

The waves are down, the winds have ceased,
The surging swells from foam are free,
And in the far and hazy East,
The sky is melted in the sea.

And, nearer yet, at anchor, ride,
The sturdy plunderers of the main,
I see the clear and glassy tide
Flash back each rope, each mast again.

Within this rough and rocky reach,
The little waves come up to play,
The round, worn stones that line the beach,
Are hardly sprinkled with their spray.

White as the angel wing of Hope,
Firm as the rock from which it springs,
The Light House crowns the rocky slope,
And o'er the sea its far glance flings.

Oh, lone, pale watcher ! when the night
Came on with hissing sleet and storm,
How hath the sailor hailed thy light,
How hath he blessed thine unseen form !

What hast thou seen, what hast thou heard,
When wintry waves have talked with thee ?
Had not the winds a taunting word ?
Were there no voices in the sea ?

It may be, but thou answerest not ;
To day, with thine unwakened eye,
Thou hast in that stern sleep forgot
The smiles or frowns of sea or sky.

Thus thought I on that summer day,
When, with companions warm and true,
Upon the surf-beat rocks I lay
And gazed out o'er the waters blue.

SONNET

TO A SWEET SINGER.

STILL in my ear thy liquid voice is ringing,
Thou fair Enchantress of the realm of Song !
Still, 'mid remembered echoes of thy singing,
My spirit lingers eagerly and long ;
What though from thy sweet lips comes now no sound,
The melody they uttered thrilletteth on
In Memory's halls, as perfume clings around
The spot from whence the flower is plucked and gone.
Teach us, since from Remembrance we must borrow
Thy gentle face, the charm that in it slumbers,
Leave us the opiate for regret and sorrow
That lulled us listening to thy blessed numbers ;
So that, although thy feet another land have sought,
Thou wilt not carry from us all that thou hast brought.

*Mrs Parker of
Sandine. Aged 90 years.*

GRANDMOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

OUR river flows with wave as blue,
With tide as clear as on that day,
When, through the woods, a hardy few,
Beside its steep banks bent their way ;
No change in its bright face is seen,
The dawning's blush, the sunset's flame,
Trembles each morn, and glows each e'en
Upon a mirror still the same.

You saw it long, long years ago,
When Youth was in your heart and eye,
You hailed its broad and placid flow
The dark pine forest sweeping by ;
To day you well might pause and think
Of what has been and ceased to be,
Since first you stood upon its brink,
And watched it gliding to the sea.

Long years ago, — the silvered hair,
That thinly shades your temples now,
In clustered tresses, thick and fair,
Stole o'er your then unwrinkled brow ;
No dimness crept o'er eyes as bright
As those that 'round you beam to day ;
For you had never known the night
Which flees not with the morning's ray.

Then, where your humble home was raised,
The cloud-swept pines were at your door,
And when at night your hearth-fire blazed,
It lit a wood unlit before.
Each sunny noon-day's breathless calm,
Each solemn hush of midnight's hour,
Hung 'round you like a viewless arm
Clothed with unutterable power.

The Indian urged his birch canoe
Upon this still and limpid wave,
His rifle flashed, his arrow flew,
Where now, perhaps, may be his grave ;
You heard his warwhoop ring at night,
And, trembling, barred the stout old door,
And you have heard his footstep light,
Grate on your cleanly sanded floor.

Within the old and pathless wood,
Unscarred by axe, unscathed by fire,
You heard the bear with growling rude,
Answer the snarling wild cat's ire ;
The fox came fleetly bounding by
Your door, and sought the river's brink,
And, fearless, right beneath your eye,
The antlered deer came down to drink.

You lived when noble deeds were done,
That brightly shine in memory still,
When rose the smoke at Lexington,
When roared the guns on Bunker's Hill ;
And, after many a bloody fray,
Your heart was warmed, your eyes were wet,
When, on our land, you heard them say,
The seal of Liberty was set.

No longer treads the red man here,
No longer stand the forest trees,
Nor need you now to start and fear,
At every sound borne on the breeze ;
For, 'round you, every where, are thrown
The works that man's impression bear,
And this day's sun has never shone
Upon a scene more sweet and fair.

Lo ! yonder is the church's spire,
And there the factory and mill,
And many a hearth with blazing fire,
Is near your own this season chill ;
Ere long, with many a glowing spark,
With roarings, clashings, dins and jars,
Close at your doorsill we may mark
The rushing locomotive cars.

Yes, change is writ on every thing,
Around your feeble steps to day,
And time can nothing to thee bring
Like that which he has borne away ;
Youth, with its bounding pulse, is flown,
Its kindling eye, its litesome form,
And where its sun of gladness shone,
Old Age has come with night and storm.

And yet, to day, have gathered near
Your side, a glad and smiling band,
Manhood, with sturdy strength is here,
Here those who at life's portal stand ;
Before thy feeble, failing sight,
Hath come the babe but newly born, —
Old Age and Infancy, — the night
Flushed with the radiance of the morn !

Not all are here, the breezes bear
 Our voices o'er the ocean's brine,
And call the wanderers back to share
 The smiles that 'round you sweetly shine ;
Not all are here, for loving hearts,
 Once linked with yours, are still to day,
Yet memory, like an angel, starts
 From mounds where rests their lifeless clay.

Your children,— though their paths are wide,
 And far apart on life's wild sea,
Yet they, to day, have sought your side,
 The scions of the parent tree ;
You, gazing on their forms to day,
 With pride that nought can quench or mar,
Might, like the Roman mother, say,
 “ Behold, these, these my jewels are !”

MARY.

No sweeter name is ever breathed
Than that of Mary, soft and low
It falls upon the ear, enwreathed
With every spell that love can know,
With memories by those bequeathed
That bore it long ago.

It lingers 'round the old man yet,
Though other names long, long have fled ;
The sun of earlier days has set,
Youth, Love, no more their radiance shed,
Yet that dear name he'll ne'er forget
It calls Her from the dead.

Thus, when the moon was calm and bright,
I heard a faint and far off song,
That, stealing softly on the night,

Woke in my heart a passion strong,
Because the verse with cadence light
That name would oft prolong.

I listened, and with that sweet word,
A thousand thronging memories came,
And with them, she, the loved, adored,
In starlike beauty all the same
As when, before her shrine, I poured
Love's incense on its flame.

Long, long ago, on such an eve
As this, I told my hidden love,
And strove my passion's tale to weave
In burning words her heart to move ;
Those vows she chid not to receive,
Are registered above.

And as the lute, though broken, sighs
Responsive to the minstrel's claim,
And yields its former melodies
With fitful note, yet still the same,
So, from my withered heart, arise
Old memories at that name.

THE HUNTER.

THE Hunter's hand is hard and tanned,
His frame is stout of mould,
His open face shuns no man's gaze,
His heart is frank and bold ;
No treachery in his smile is found,
No falsehood in his word ;
Erect and firm he treads the ground,
And calleth no one lord.

The city's life with tumult rife,
No pleasure seems to him,
He seeks the wood's deep solitude,
Where noontide light is dim ;
The forest old where he can hear,
For miles and miles around,
The sweetest music to his ear,
The baying of his hound.

He takes his gun at rise of sun,
And with his dog he goes,
To hunt the deer that's sheltering here,
In ambush thick and close ;
With active limb and eager step
He follows on the track,
Though hills be steep and torrents deep,
No peril drives him back.

And fleet and free the fox may be,
There's one upon his trail,
With tireless frame and deadly aim,
That ne'er was known to fail ;
The wild duck on the glassy lake,
The pigeon in the wood,
The partridge in the leafy brake,
Must yield the hunter food.

So pass away the Hunter's days,
Alone, yet what recks he,
For truer friends his steps attend,
Than man could ever be ;
His dogs, that share his leafy couch,
That list his lightest word,
That patiently beside him crouch,
When seated at his board.

In death his sleep is calm and deep,
Where forest branches wave,
No sculptured stone is placed upon
His greenly growing grave ;
Yet honest hearts shall harm it not,
But keep it ever dear,
And say, whene'er they pass the spot,
“ The Hunter resteth here.”

VALVINUM.

WINE ! in my beaker so brightly brimming,
Forbear, forbear your roseate glow ;
Bubbles of foam ! so lightsomely swimming,
Cease, cease awhile your wanton flow.
When ancient comrades and friends are parting,
No smile on either's lip should play,
And so, while tears to my eyes are starting,
Thou shouldst not wear a look so gay.

Over Life's field we've journeyed together,
In days of joy, in nights of pain,
Though stormy or fair might be the weather,
Thy smile still cheered my heart and brain.
Each sigh awakened by grief or sadness,
Sunk in thy sympathetic tide,
And always thy glowing gleam of gladness,
To all my happy hopes replied.

Reflected in thee, the well known faces
 Of boon companions smile once more,
And memory's bark its way retraces
 Across thy stream to Youth's far shore ;
Friends of the wine cup ! how rang our laughter,
 While night's pale pilot waxed and waned,
What magic colors our far Hereafter,
 Borrowed from every drop we drained.

'Thou never hast failed me, Wine ! when bidden
 To waken Life's first fond romance,
See, softer eyes in thy depths are hidden,
 That woo me with their tender glance.
Love's wings were steeped, in that cloudless morning,
 In dews that dwelt upon her lip ;
But when affection was changed to scorning,
 He hastened in thy wave to dip.

Wafted on thy tumultuous pinion,
 Beyond its dark and lowering sky,
Oft have I fled from that bleak dominion,
 Whose shadows on the spirit lie :
With light of hopes that had fled forever,
 Thou bathedst the top of memory's hill,
As sunset long in the West will quiver
 And battle with the darkness still.

Let this not be an idle libation
A vulgar draught, oh rarest Wine !
But, rather, some sacred, sad oblation,
Poured out on Memory's holy shrine.
And may thy fragrance in air ascending,
Be fraught with Lethe for the Past,
Now art thou, Wine ! with my spirit blending,
In kiss the sweetest and the last.

SHE SLEEPS.

The old tree shadoweth the grave
 Of her that was so good and fair,
And mournfully its branches wave
 Sad requiems in the evening air,
And dewdrops closing flowerets lave,
 That sweetest fragrance bear.

Beneath the welcome sky of night,
 My frequent footsteps linger here ;
For sunbeams shed a garish light,
 That seems to mock at sorrow's tear,
And I would shun the hour that might
 Make memory less dear.

But now Remembrance pours its tide
 Upon my spirit's eager shore,
And thoughts that are to thee allied,

Come back and visit me once more,
And I, forgetting aught beside,
 Recall them o'er and o'er.

When last I saw thee, not the flush
 Of Life or Love was on thy brow,
Nor on thy cheek one lingering blush
 Could whisper "She but sleepeth now,—"
Ah no, a fearful, chilly hush
 Was on thy pulses' flow.

Yet on that brow a light curl played,
 A sweet smile seemed to check all fear,
Oh, there were countless traits that made
 The dearly loved, too loved, too dear;
But Love, regret were vain, they laid
 Thy form in silence here.

The offerings that the night hath given
 To deck thy grave, seem sweet to me,
Young flowers that, half blown, die at even,
 The shadows of this guardian tree,
And brightest dewdrops sent from Heaven
 To be exhaled o'er thee.

FAIRY LAND.

LOVE, those were wondrous days of old,
When fairies revelled on the earth,
Now dancing in the moonbeams cold,
Now hovering o'er the cottage hearth :
Now cradled in the perfumed beds,
'To which moss roses oft would woo them,
Now, where the tall pines nod their heads,
Floating, like strains of music, through them.

Deep, deep within the forest dells,
Where foot of man had never trod,
Where old oaks stood like sentinels
Around the smoothly shaven sod,
Their merry bands would meet and sport,
Throughout the livelong summer day,
And there would Oberon hold his court,
Surrounded by each sprite and fay.

Beneath their feet would fountains spring,
That cast above them silver showers,
Wherein they laved each weary wing,
As delicate as leaves of flowers ;
The trees that bourgeoned at their side,
Were hung all o'er with rarest fruit ;
The breeze that wantoned wild and wide
Made music like the softest lute.

Above this strange sweet place, the sky
Hung tinged with glorious, golden hues,
Or, if a storm-cloud floated by,
It melted into fragrant dews.
Oh, for one glance at this bright spot !
One moment on its soil to stand !
But mortal eyes might view it not,
Nor mortal tread on Fairy Land.

They all have fled, those gentle sprites,
Within those haunted dells no more
Titania with her train alights,
The fairy revels all are o'er.
But there are spots my feet have pressed,
When summer suns were sinking low,
That seemed to me so calm, so blest,
That fairies well the haunt might know.

Sit closer to me, sweet, the blush
Is mantling rarely in thy cheek,
I know full well that gentle flush
Betokens what thou may'st not speak ;
For memory summons to thy brain
The eve, when, with a happy band,
We crossed the fields and reached the plain
That thy dear lips named "Fairy Land."

Through slumberous woods the pathway steals,
That leadeth to this quiet scene,
And suddenly its close revcals
The hidden landscape smooth, serene.
On either side a gentle hill
To meet the plain comes greenly down,
And there, embosomed, hushed and still,
It lies,— a gem in nature's crown !

Upon that eve the burning thought,
That in my bosom long had lain,
Rose up, and for expression sought,
And yet I hushed it down again :
For thou wert coy and shunned my side,—
Dearest ! thou wilt not shun it now,
And Love, o'ermastered, quelled by Pride,
In vain had flushed my cheek and brow.

We left that lovely spot, my heart
Throbbed high with Passion mixed with Fear,
And, oh, I felt the teardrop start,
To think that thou wert still so dear ;
Yet ere the moon began to wane,
That shone that evening in the grove,
I looked into thine eyes again,
And in those eyes read nought but love.

Thou lovest me, my heart has found
The rest that it hath sought so long,
Through grief and pain its pathway wound,
To happiness untold in song ;
And with thy dear form close to me,
Thus clasped in mine thy timid hand,
Oh, loved one ! canst thou doubt that we
Have found the spirit's Fairy Land ?

Above us, spreads the sky of Hope,
Beneath us, flow'rets wave and move,
Sweet flowers, whose dewy petals ope
To catch the welcome breath of Love ;
Our footsteps tread on magic ground,
Our brows by fragrant winds are fanned,
Yes, yes, at last our hearts have found
The soil, the breeze of Fairy Land !

LOVE'S ANSWER.

THOU askest why I love thee, and in truth I cannot say,
Canst thou tell me why the sky-lark loves the morning's
golden ray,

Why the deer the greenwood loveth, or the violet the dew,
Or why in stormiest ocean gladly dips the wild sea-mew,
Why the sternest spirit yieldeth to soft music's spell and
power,

Or why Love's words seem sweetest at the twilight's holy
hour ?

Thy gentle lips are silent, we feel but cannot tell,
And, darling, so I know not why I worship thee so well,

It is not that thine 'eyes are soft, nor that thy cheek is fair,
Nor is it that a thousand Loves lie tangled in thy hair,
Nor that thy voice is sweet and low, nor that thy dewy lips
Are argosies of passion, freighted rich as Indian ships ;

Have I not gazed on eyes as bright, or forms as fair as thine,
Must I trace Love's birth to Beauty ere I own his royal line,
Must the heart be caught by glances shot from fringed and lustrous eyes,
Must the loveliest face in Woman, be the spirit's dearest prize ?

I had been out at sunset and Day's dying splendor stole,
Like a strain of sweetest music o'er my rapt and ravished soul ;
The stars went to their places and their meek and saintly ray
Falling through the depths of ether, on the waters, slumbering, lay ;
At that hour the strife and struggle of my worldly life was stilled,
And my spirit spurned the chalice that its heartless memories filled ;
Then in the sky of Passion rose a loving, watching star,
Its radiance fell upon me, and I blessed it from afar.

I saw thee, and I loved thee, and I cannot tell thee more,
Though thy lips, with sweet perverseness, should ask me o'er and o'er ;

The heart hath many secrets that the mind may never
reach,
And the mysteries of Passion may not all be clothed in
speech ;
When the goblet brimmeth over with some rare and an-
cient wine,
Should we spill it if we knew not whose hand had reared
the vine ?
So if my love is precious, as thine, Sweet, is to me,
Take it all, nor ever ask me why I offer it to thee.

LOST ALICE.

ALICE, the veil is lifting,
From the passion haunted Past ;
Its forms, like snow-flakes drifting,
Gather around me fast ;
Though fair and heart-enthralling,
Some of the throng may be,
Yet I am seeking, calling,
Lost Alice ! only thee.

Alice, thou matchless maiden,
I loved thee in Life's spring,
Ere Hope, with grief o'er-laden,
Fluttered in flight her wing ;
Ere Sorrow in Love's chalice,
Or Falsehood, found a place,
Ere Coldness, Scorn or Malice,
Lost Alice ! left a trace.

Alice, 'twas golden summer,
When, in my open breast,
Young Love, the sweet new-comer,
Sought smilingly a rest.
Then I spoke in accents burning,
And in broken tones to thee,
And thy lips, my vows returning,
Lost Alice ! answered me.

Alice, like dews of morning,
Upon the thirsty flower,
Came thy kisses without warning,
In that unforgotten hour ;
And thy long and silken tresses
Seem to mingle even now,
With mine in soft caresses,
Lost Alice ! o'er my brow.

Alice, thy lips pressed nearly,
Yet their kisses long have fled,
In thy heart that loved so dearly,
I know that love is dead ;
In thine eye there is a coldness,
And its sternness and its chill,
Rebuke my spirit's boldness,
Lost Alice ! loving still.

Alice, the pallid ashes,
Alone are left of love,
And the tide of Lethe washes,
Its memory above ;
And I no more may render,
At thy once familiar shrine,
A worship now too tender,
Lost Alice ! to be thine.

Alice, though thy derision,
I never can forget,
The light of Youth's sweet vision,
Glows in remembrance yet ;
And dark and very lonely,
Life's weary path may be,
It is brighter if I only,
Lost Alice ! think of thee.

THE ITALIAN ORGAN PLAYER'S VESPERS.

It is sunset, how the crimson flush is creeping up the sky,
It is sunset, and my heart is sad although I know not why,
The freshening gale that cools my brow, a murmur hath,
 like prayer,

A holy calm, a saintly spell, its wings, like incense, bear ;
Though in the church's turret high, no evening bell is
 swinging,

Yet in my heart with liquid chime the Angelus is ringing ;
In many a land, at many a shrine, True Faith now bends
 the knee,

Oh listen, Blessed Virgin ! to my vesper prayer to thee.

Oh, holy, stainless Mother ! throughout the weary day,
Thy gentle love and tender care have been about my way,
My faltering feet have found no snares upon Life's toilsome
 road,

And on my lip, from Life's full cup no bitter drop hath
flowed ;

Now, while the shades of evening deepen on my heavy
eye,

Be thou, oh dearest Mother ! still loving, fond *and nigh ;
Watch o'er me in the darkness, bid each evil spirit flee,
Oh listen, Blessed Virgin ! to my vesper prayer to thee.

Beyond the dim horizon, 'neath another sky than this,
I have felt a father's manly care, a mother's sacred kiss,
And to-night, though their fond faces lit with love I can-
not see,

Still I know their hearts are throbbing with a fervent prayer
for me ;

Saintly Mother ! Holy Mary ! watch them kindly from
above,

Smooth their pillow, send sweet slumbers, fill their visions
with thy love,

Guard their dear ones 'round the hearth-stone, bring their
wanderer o'er the sea,

Oh listen, Blessed Virgin ! to my vesper prayer to thee.

Smile on the hearts that love me, if one pure and stainless
breast,

Keeps to night my image treasured, breathes my name at
hour of rest,

Oh, guard that heart from sorrow, throw thine arm of love
and power,

About it in the darkness of temptation's fearful hour ;
Saintly Mother ! Holy Mary ! I have wandered far and
wide

From the path where thou would'st lead me, draw me
closer to thy side,

Look in pity on my errors, set me from sin's thraldom free,
Oh listen, Blessed Virgin ! to my vesper prayer to thee.

POOR ROVER.

WE weep when friends or kindred die,
And no one mocks the falling tear,
It soothes the bitter agony
We feel beside the loved one's bier ;
And, gazing on thy lifeless form,
I do not hide my tears or woe ;
Thine was a love as true and warm,
As even woman's heart could know.

For friends might leave thy master's side,
And kinsmen's love grow faint and dim,
Thy friendship was too staunch and tried,
For aught to sever thee from him ;
Thine honest love, thy noble worth,
Were in such boundless measure given,
That far, far more than some on Earth,
A soul like thine would merit Heaven.

ADIEU.

Ms. A. 2. 9. v. 1. l. 1

FAREWELL, the tie that bound my heart
So close to thine, thyself hath broken,
The looks or words that bid us part,
Thine eyes have cast, thy lips have spoken ;
Let others guard and watch the flame
Of Love, that burns but dim and faintly,
And cloak indifference with the name
Of Passion that is pure and saintly,
I am not read in Plato's lore,
I love not when thy love is o'er.

The Parsee bows before the sun,
When clear and bright his God is burning,
But, hidden by eve's mantle dun,
No more his eyes are thither turning ;

And thus I worshipped while the light
 Of thy warm love was flung around me,
But when it deepened into night,
 The spell it owned no longer bound me,
My heart may yet love-lighted shine,
 But 'twill not catch its flame from thine.

Thou shouldst not hate me, for the blame
 Lies not with me if thus we sever,
And there will linger 'round thy name,
 Kind thoughts and pleasant memories ever.
The tale is short, as well as old,
 Love's tale in every clime and season,
We wildly loved till one grew cold,
 And then the other woke to reason,
Her calmer magic broke the spell,
 But not his heart, — once more, Farewell.

COLLEGE FRIENDS.

WHEN Day's last glances feebly fall aslant me,
When gathereth the twilight's tender gloom,
Dear old companions ! then your faces haunt me,
Then do your memories pervade the room :
I seem borne back on swift and shadowy pinion,
Into the regions of the golden Past,
I feel once more the rapturous dominion
Of Youth and Passion o'er my spirit cast.

We were a band as joyous and true hearted,
As ever sailed upon Life's summer sea ;
We knew no griefs for gorgeous hopes departed,
We shed no tears o'er some sad memory.
The world, a fairy land, was all before us,
Arrayed in hues like those of sunset skies,
The unquenched stars of Passion trembled o'er us,
Luring and lovely to our tearless eyes.

Then were our restless hearts forever yearning,
To pierce the veil that o'er the Future hung,
Then, clothed in words most passionate and burning,
Our glowing day-dreams trembled on each tongue,
Of Fame, whose topmost heights should be ascended,
Of lavish Wealth, of Power, and place of Pride,
And with these visions there was ever blended,
The Angel of Existence at our side.

Oh, sunny dreams, how have your glories faded,
Oh, youthful hearts, false prophets that ye were,
To some the Future yet with clouds is shaded,
To some the Past is but Hope's sepulchre,
And like the banners, purple-decked and trailing,
Which Sunset flaunts before Day's closing eye,
Some sadly saw Love, Wealth, Ambition, paling,
As Sorrow's night crept darkly down Life's sky.

Is there no rest for hearts worn out and broken ?
No subtle anodyne to soothe their pain ?
Those gentle accents, by the Savior spoken,
“ My peace I give you,” were they breathed in vain ?
No, not in vain, the sighs wrung out by Sorrow,
Are calmed by thoughts of Childhood's sinless years,
From that sweet source the saddest heart can borrow
Relief from anguish, and a balm for tears.

LOVE'S DAWN.

ONE thought is in my heart to-night,
Upon my lip one word of flame,
The memory of thine eyes' soft light,
Thy dear and haunting name ;
That glance I've striven to forget,
And from that name my soul to free,
Still in my heart are firmly set
Remembrances of thee.

There was no light in liquid eyes,
Till thine had turned on me their gaze,
There was no Star in Passion's skies,
Till thine lit up its rays ;
Oh, gentle eyes of tearful blue !
To-night you seem to watch o'er me,
Oh, star ! whose soft light thrills me through,
I know no guide but thee.

I cannot hush my throbbing heart,
I cannot bid its waves be still,
Thou only hast the magic art
To bend it to thy will ;
Smile, it will cease its burning pain,
Speak, each word shall an angel be,
Frown, it will not have loved in vain,
For it shall break for thee.

AN ORISON OF ABELARD.

THOUGH thou in saintly mansions art,
With trustfulness I bow my knee,
And offer from my earnest heart
An orison to thee,

Theresa.

Not for myself the sacrifice,
Of worship and of tearful prayer,
Not for myself the words arise,
Which ask thy holy care,

Theresa.

I pray for her who prays to thee,
For her, the best beloved of Earth,
I pray for her whose love for me
Thou guardest since its birth,

Theresa.

Forsake her not in Life's rude path,
Close at her side in peril be,
Let Trouble's storm and Sorrow's wrath
Break, not on her, but me,
Theresa.

By day let no sad hour eclipse
The sunlight of her waking bliss,
And press by night upon her lips,
Thy pure and angel kiss,
Theresa.

Thy name is breathed by many a tongue,
Thy praise by many a worshipper,
No prayer from deeper love is wrung,
Than this to thee for her,
Theresa.

IN ABSENCE.

A FAR from thee my spirit yearns
To lay its offering at thy feet,
The flame that on its altar burns,
Would yield an incense doubly sweet
Wert thou but near with smiles to greet
Thy votary, who alone, apart,
Would make the offering more complete,
With tears and with a broken heart.
Alas, nor smile nor glance of thine,
Upon my sad oblation shine.

Thy face with sad and mournful gaze,
Comes floating dimly through my dreams,
And when I sing our once loved lays,
Thy voice to blend its sweetness seems ;

My fancy every trait redeems
 Of thine that made thee once so dear,
But saddened by these transient gleams,
 I murmur still, "Thou art not here."
Although, more blest than I can be,
 My heart forever dwells with thee.

BOTHWELL.

ON the ground the wounded trooper,
Lay with dinted, bloody crest,
And the Covenanter fiercely
Set his sword upon his breast.

“ Die, believing nought, nor hoping !”
Burley through his set teeth cried,
Bothwell, with a look defiant,
Gasping, “ Fearing nothing !” died.

His had been a life of battle,
Not alone in martial strife,
But where Sin with serried squadron,
Fights upon the field of Life.

Scars were on his stiffening body,
Got where soldiers win their fame,
Scars had been upon his spirit,
From the blows of Vice and Shame.

One, who knew the dauntless trooper,
Sought him where in fight he fell,
And upon his pulseless bosom,
Found a treasure guarded well.

Letters, writ when Life was early,
Letters, by the loved one traced,
Stained and worn and blurred the paper,
With the writing half effaced.

But upon them this inscription,
Told he never needed art
To preserve them, " 'Tis no matter,
For I have them all by heart."

All by heart, those loving phrases,
All by heart, each tender word,
Though her hand was cold that traced them,
And her pulse no longer stirred.

On his breast those outward tokens
 Of that sinless love had lain ;
On his soul its pure remembrance
 Slept, nor knew a spot or stain.

Who shall know how oft that angel,
 Pleaded with his stubborn heart ?
What resolves to deeds of goodness
 At her gentle words would start ?

Through his wild, fierce life that Passion
 Went with him 'mid every scene ;
Light ! upon the storm-cloud's edges !
 In the waste, the spot of green !

Bothwell ! who shall say that mercy
 Was not granted thee above ?
Since, on Earth, thy ruthless spirit,
 Was so merciful to Love !

VALENTINE.

I MET thee once, and 'round my heart,
 The light thy beauty left still plays,
Still through the mists of memory start,
 The feelings wakened by that gaze ;
The seal that Passion once has set
 Upon the heart will leave it never,
And Time in vain may say "Forget,"
 To one that must remember ever.

We met within the house of prayer,
 Where hopes and thoughts should heavenward be,
I could not in the worship share,
 I found my hope and Heaven in thee :
Within thine eye a light was dwelling
 That seemed too pure for Life or Earth ;

Within my heart a hope was swelling,
That of that holy glance had birth.

Our paths may never meet again,—
The light that over mine was thrown
By thy sweet face, must flash in vain
In Memory's halls, for thou art gone ;
Thou mayst not guess the hand that flings
This idle garland on thy shrine,
But do not scorn the heart that brings
Its worship, Gentle Valentine.

LEAVES AND HEARTS.

Sighing through the tasselled pine,
Autumn winds are sadly stealing,
And, as dipped in blood-red wine,
Leaves are crimson tints revealing,
Wearing many a hue divine,
But at heart the cold frost feeling.

So, when all the spirit's chords,
By sad memories are shaken,
Light and gay may be our words,
Bright beams in our eyes may waken,
But the withered heart records,
“ Life and Hope have thee forsaken.”



A SONG.

THE sparkle on the wine-cup's brim,
The flash upon the wave,
Are bright a moment, then grows dim
The glitter that they gave ;
And thus the light of woman's eye,
The magic of her smile,
May win a heart's idolatry,
And, winning, but beguile.

The melody the sea-nymph sings,
Falls softly on the ear,
Brave mariner ! beware, it brings
Death, if thou sailest near.

And thus the words of woman's tongue,
 A charm, like music, weave,
But, fatal as that wooing song,
 The trusting they deceive.

When woman's eyes are bright, beware !
 They hide most danger then ;
When sighs or smiles your heart might snare,
 List not, nor gaze again ;
So shall you keep your bosom's rest,
 Unmoved by beauty's spell,
So shall you shun the danger best,
 Of loving and too well.

THE CREMATION.

To-NIGHT my eyes, tear-laden, have wandered sadly o'er
The lines that told a passion, sleeping now to wake no
more.

From each mute and voiceless syllable are dreary memo-
ries born,
That, with fingers dim and spectral, point to days forever
gone.

“Forever,” oh, “Forever,” ’twas the word you breathed
to me,
When your girlish faith you plighted, with the stars alone
to see.

False scroll ! and falser passion ! how it haunts me, lying
there,
Read into my deepest memory, treasured up to mock de-
spair.

Tears of joy have fallen on it, and again and yet again,
Have my lips sought out the places where your fingers
might have lain.

Foolish tears ! ye were but wasted, idle was the clinging
kiss,
Of the love that blazed so brightly there is nothing left but
this.

Ere this too be cold in ashes, let the voices of the Past,
Speak once more unto thy spirit, speak for this time and
the last.

We were young in Life, no shadows fell upon our light-
some way,
There was then no night of sorrow that would never break
in Day.

No passion, heart-inwoven, no memory so deep
That the wave of Lethe only could lull it into sleep.

Then I lingered in the sunlight of thy deep and pleading eyes,

Then I felt from out the fountains of my heart a love arise.

Not ungentle was thine accent, not of anger was thy blush,

When the words, "I love you," came to break the twilight's holy hush.

But the lip on mine that quivered, and the crimson on thy brow,

Seemed to say with chiding fondness, "Canst thou doubt I love thee now?"

Doubt thee! if from out the silence of the sky a voice had rung,

Saying "Doubt her," all the closer to thy heart I would have clung.

Then the distant gleaming glory of the stars appeared to lie

Reflected in the lustre of thy timid, upturned eye.

Then I seemed to hear Life's volume closed with soft and
muffled sound,
And a whisper saying, " Read no more, thou hast the secret
found."

But to-night the stars have lighted their mournful fires
again,
And to-night my heart is saying, " Did she love thee even
then ?

" Didst thou think in that sweet moment when her kisses
lightly fell,
That to-night the only accent on thy lips would be, Fare-
well ?"

Yet it must be,—through the midnight with a dreary,
hopeless tone,
The wind that word repeateth, and repeateth that alone.

I must sift thee from my spirit, I must sever thee from
thought,
In the net of my remembrance must thy image ne'er
be caught.

There were hopes my heart had guarded, let them perish
in their prime,
Let no answer to their longings come from out the Future
Time.

There were springs that blessed life's journey, let me nev-
er of them taste,
There were green spots where we rested, let them be a
barren waste.

It was summer when I met thee, and with hues as bright
and gay,
As the summer's wooing blossoms, dawning Love's twilight
into Day.

It was autumn when we parted, when the flowers no more
were fair,
When the maple tossed his bloody arms upon the frosty
air.

So the Autumn of the spirit came with sudden step on
me,
And with hues, at death the brightest, fell the leaves from
Passion's tree.

Wherfore do I speak of Passion? here are words that
claim to rise,
From its hottest blazing altar, from its purest sacrifice.

Did they spring from young affection, did they Truth's
impression bear?
No! the Falsehood looks from out them with a leaden,
mocking stare.

Brighter blaze, ye flames that flicker! fiercer yet, ye em-
bers! glow,
While amid your red embraces this faithless scroll I throw.

All is dark:— amid the forest of the pines with sullen roar,
The midnight wind is saying, “ No more, oh, never more!”

THE ROSARY.

THEY sat together in the wood,
The maiden and the boy ;
And through the shade the sunlight fell,
Like sorrow crossed with joy,
So in their hearts Love's virgin ore
Was mixed with Grief's alloy.

" And take," she said, " this cross and chain,
And wear them on thy breast,
I've counted oft each bead and link,
To lull me to my rest,
And many a time this little cross
Hath to my lips been pressed.

" Thou goest from me,— I no more
Shall watch about thy way,

I shall not see thy form at eve,
Or hear thy voice by day ;
All that my weakness leaves to me,
Is, for thy sake to pray.

“ If Evil lure thee from the right,
If Conscience chide in vain,
Ah, like an iron link to Truth,
Heaven make this fragile chain,
And may its cross burn in thy heart,
Till thou art strong again.

“ If bluer, softer eyes than mine,
Seem worlds of Love to thee,
If other lips and other tones
 Crowd out my memory,
 Still be this chain about thy soul
 To draw thee back to me.”

And so they parted ; — she, to wear
Above, an angel’s crown ;
And he, to feel on land or sea,
In forest or in town,
A cross and chain upon his heart
From the far Heaven let down.

CAPE-COTTAGE AT SUNSET.

WE stood upon the ragged rocks,
When the long day was nearly done ;
The waves had ceased their sullen shocks,
And lapped our feet with murmuring tone,
And o'er the bay in streaming locks,
Blew the red tresses of the Sun.

Along the West the golden bars
Still to a deeper glory grew ;
Above our heads the faint, few stars
Looked out from the unfathomed blue :
And the far city's clamorous jars
Seemed melted in that evening hue.

Oh, sunset sky ! Oh, purple tide !
 Oh, friends to friends that closer pressed !
Those glories have in darkness died,
 And ye have left my longing breast :
I could not keep you by my side,
 Nor fix that radiance in the West.

Upon those rocks the waves shall beat
 With the same low and murmuring strain,
Across those waves, with glancing feet,
 The sunset rays shall seek the main ;
But when together shall we meet,
 Upon that far-off shore again !

THY NAME.

It was not that the dizzy dance
Had made my senses swim,
It was not that my aching glance,
Beneath the lights grew dim ;
But o'er my cheek and o'er my brow
The fearful paleness came,
Because, with laugh at thy light vow,
I heard them breathe thy name.

I thought that time had lulled to sleep
The old and weary pain,
That Pride had made the grave too deep
For Love to rise again ;

But ah, amid that scene of mirth,
With power and might the same
As when thy love made lovely Earth,
Fell on my ear thy name.

Where art thou, lost one ! — if there be
One spell to guide thy track,
I pray that Heaven would teach it me,
So I might call thee back ;
But no, I feel the angry flush
Light up my cheek like flame,
'Tis not the glow of Love,— I blush
Because I breathed thy name.

Not on my lips again in Life,
Those words shall ever dwell,
Ah, would that I could still the strife
Within my heart as well :
Hadst thou but kept thy plighted vow,
I had not known this shame,
Nor cursed the hour, as I do now,
When first I heard thy name.

TO ONE AWAY.

THE stars are in the cold, blue sky,
Their watch fires blaze as thick and high,
As when we turned a loving eye

From them to one more dear, Mary ;
I look on them to-night alone,
They shine not now as once they shone,
There is a glory from them gone,
For thou no more art here, Mary.

Kind tones are lingering near me still,
Sweet echoes ring from Memory's hill,
Ah ! once they woke a tender thrill,
Because they all were thine, Mary ;

But now I cannot care to hear
A gentle word, an accent dear,
No loving hopes or fears they bear
From my heart unto thine, Mary.

There was a time when roses flushed
With starlight heard our voices hushed
To whispers, for thy fair cheeks blushed
To know I loved thee well, Mary :
There was a time when Passion poured
Its wealth o'er every gentle word,
Which thou nor I shall cease to hoard,
While Love its tale shall tell, Mary.

But now the flowers have lost their bloom,
And vainly comes their sweet perfume
To woo away the deepening gloom
From scenes that once were fair, Mary :
It is enough to know that thou
Art gone, that on my lip and brow
Can come no more the kisses now
That once would linger there, Mary.

AT LAST.

Yes, the sleep that thou art sleeping,
Never has a dream of me,
And the watch that Death is keeping
Is more fixed than Love's could be ;
Yet I almost bless the coldness
Of the grave they show as thine,
For it gives this thought of boldness,
Thou, in death at least, art mine.

Loving smiles and looks that won thee,
Do not haunt thy slumbers now,
Kisses that were rained upon thee,
Press no more thy lip or brow :
But my heart that gave no token
Of a love so deeply thine,
Now thy chords of Life are broken,
Murmurs "Thou, in Death, art mine."

LAUNCHING.

WELL may they deck the ship to-day
With colors flaunting free,
Well may she wear her best array,
So soon a bride to be ;
Long hath the dainty beauty kept
Her lover from her charms,
But now her last lone sleep is slept,
We give her to his arms.

Ah, guard our darling from the storm,
Thy bosom never bore
A prouder or more faultless form,
A fairer love before :
Tame down thy billows' thundering shocks,
Thy foaming wrath, oh Sea !
And keep her from the angry rocks
That lie along her lee.

Her home has been where green hills kiss
 The river's rippling tide,
But, ah, our eyes must learn to miss
 The Ocean's new made bride.
Where white capped waves forever rise,
 Where sea-birds skim the foam,
Far off, beneath the sea-kissed skies,
 Our Beauty seeks her home.

Ah, proud may be the mariners,
 That stand upon her deck,
They little fear in strength like hers,
 The tempest or the wreck :
And proudly may her ensign fly
 That bears the stripes and stars,
The peace that builds a ship like this,
 Is worth a thousand wars.

Float on, oh flag, and gaily stream
 Above an honored name,
Though bright your starry folds may gleam,
 Still brighter is his fame :
Not idle was the wish, or vain,
 That styled alike should be
The bravest of the battle plain,
 The proudest of the Sea !

TO E. G.-H., AN INFANT.

DEAR little stranger, thou perhaps mayst never
Gaze on the one who dreams to-night of thee,
And, where the ripples of thy calm life quiver,
My bark may seldom steer from stormier sea :
On me will rest the deeply printed traces
Of Time and Care, when, on thy spotless brow,
Dwells the pure love-light which Youth's angel places,
That love-light which is dawning even now.

Still let me quell the sorrowful reflection
That Time to thee brings Youth, to me but Age ;
And let thine infancy awake affection
To guide my fingers o'er this idle page ;
For thou art of that band whose souls are stainless
As those who watch us kindly from on high ;
Thou art an infant, ah, the task is painless
For man to love when such as thou art nigh.

Our path with flinty points may be encrusted,
Though it seemed smooth and soft in hopeful Youth,
And friends, whose faith we fearlessly had trusted,
May fail us when we sorest need their truth.

But yet I cannot doubt thy stainless spirit,
Must ever 'round it feel an arm of power,
Thine innocence must from its God inherit
A strength to save it in the darkest hour :
I cannot doubt that light will be around thee,
As warm as that which once in Eden fell,
I pray that Life may find, as it hath found thee,
Untouched by Care, unvexed by Grief,— Farewell.

THE HEALTH.

WHEN others pledge the one they love,
I do not breathe thy name,
The revelry that wine may move,
Its music would profane ;
But, stealing from the crowd apart,
Though bright the goblet be,
From the deep worship of my heart,
I fill a health to thee.

When other eyes around me shine,
When other lips are near,
With smiles, perhaps as bright as thine,
But, oh, not half so dear,
They can but wake the memory
Of thy last glance or tone,
And sweet those smiles or looks may be,
I think of thine alone.

THE SEA SIDE.

HE sits in the dolorous twilight,
And looks o'er the mocking sea,—
“ And, oh, but the days are weary,
Wilt thou never come back to me.

Come back with the tender love-light,
In the depths of thy hazel eye,
Come back with the olden fondness,
And the love of days gone by.”

“ Should I come if the light had faded,
In eyes that have wept for thee ?
Should I come if the heart was broken,
That had loved so faithfully ?”

Did that voice float over the water,
Or was it the sigh of the sea?
But he said — “ If thy heart is broken,
Then, darling, come back to me.”

A step on the beach beside him,
And an arm about him thrown,
And the loved, but the lost of Youth-time,
Comes back to him, all his own.

STANZAS.

WHEN wilt thou think of me? — Perhaps forever
 My lip of thine hath taken its farewell,
Perhaps upon Life's mystic current never
 Our hearts together thus may own its spell,
The light of Youth is warmly sleeping 'round thee,
 The hopes of Youth within thy heart are high,
But when the cares and griefs of Time have found thee,
 Say, wilt thou waken earlier memory,
 And sometimes think of me?

When wilt thou think of me? — When there are glances
 Of eyes that to thy heart must find a way,
When there are words shall lap thee in sweet trances,
 Where Love shall hold a strong but rapturous sway,
When other forms beside thee shall be kneeling,
 Hanging upon thy lightest look or tone,

Or with their passionate words the hope revealing,
That ne'er before their spirits dared to own,
Thou needst not think of me.

But when the vows that wayward lips have spoken,
Like the bright dreams they wakened, melt away,
When change and coldness young Love's wand have
broken,
And Passion's idols break like Gods of clay,
Thou mayst, perchance, recall the long fled vision,
That far away in memory's keeping lies,
When Life to me was clad in hues Elysian,
Caught from the lustre of thy liquid eyes,
And kindly think of me.

Remember, I have often been beside thee,
Though dearer ones have since been lingering there,
Think that, though weary miles from me divide thee,
Nor space nor time can check the spirit's prayer,
Dream that a fond heart yet is clinging to thee
Whose faith hath known, can know no chill or
change,
For, from the sacred hour when first I knew thee
Its hopes have sought, have found no higher range,
Than but to dream of thee !

WERT THOU BUT MINE.

I DREAM sweet dreams, and, in their blessed light,
I seem to feel thy soft arms 'round me twine,
The vision fleeth with the shades of night,
But not my earnest prayer, "Wert thou but mine."

"Wert thou but mine," — in those fond words is kept
The secret where Life's wildest hopes combine,
All other passions in my heart have slept,
This ever wakes, and sighs "Wert thou but mine."

"Wert thou but mine," — to-night the stars are set
In the blue Heaven, but dim and cold they shine,
Oh, they were brighter on that eve we met,
That eve I whispered, "Love, wert thou but mine."

"Wert thou but mine," — I have no other prayer,
I bow my knee before no other shrine,
Each spot is holy if thy form is there,
Earth would be Heaven itself, wert thou but mine.

STANZAS.

THE song you sang is thrilling yet
With all its sweetness in my mind,
Ah ! in that echo I forget
The broken hopes I leave behind ;
Sing it once more, — yet no, that spell
I would not have disturbed again,
Where those dear tones of music fell,
Have fled forever grief and pain.

The glance that through your lashes stole,
Burns in my heart with quenchless ray ;
Ah, thus the speech of soul to soul,
In silent utterance finds its way :
Look on me now, — yet no, those eyes
Should with their lids be curtained o'er,
A colder look in coldness dies,
That love-glance lives forever more.

THE FLEMING'S TRUE LOVE.

HE lay beside the river,
In the yellow, cold moonshine,
“ What walks between the waves and me ? —
Is’t thou, true love of mine ?

“ And have you crossed the ocean,
And have you crossed the land,
That I may kiss thy ruddy lips,
And press thy warm, soft hand ? ”

“ You shall kiss my lips so ruddy,
You shall press this hand of mine,
I knew that I should find thee here,
In the yellow, cold moon-shine.”

The maiden's lips he kisses,
He takes the maiden's hand,
But they are cold as winter's snow,
And white as the sea-sand.

"True love, thy lips have chilled me,
Cold is this hand of thine,"—
And the Fleming lay all stark and still,
In the yellow, cold moon-shine.

LAND-BREEZES.

Down some bright river hast thou never drifted,
And marked on either side,
Green fields and slopes with cedarn valleys rifted,
That met the wooing tide ;

Fair groves, all panoplied with summer's armor,
Knolls, where the wild bee roams,
And, o'er the whole, a deeper light and warmer,
The light of happy homes ?

And as thy bark was downward dropping slowly,
By spots and scenes like these,
Upon thy brow, with kisses calm and holy,
Lingered the warm land-breeze.

The river widened, and its sandy verges,
Crept from thee, either way,
And on thine ear were borne the ocean's surges,
Upon thy lip its spray.

In its tumultuous strife and ceaseless tossing,
Its agony and storm,
From shores that thou hadst left, thy damp brow crossing,
Blew soft that land-breeze warm.

Unnoticed then were billows huge and dashing,
Unmarked the tempest's roar;
Thou only heardst the waters crisply washing,
Upon the river's shore.

Down some bright stream of Song thy heart has floated,
And seen, each side inclined,
Far stretching plains, to noblest thought devoted,
Green hill-sides of the mind.

Fair groves, where earnest Hopes were boldly growing,
Gardens of Love and Truth;
And o'er the whole the Poet's heart was throwing,
Its Passion and its Youth.

By bluffs of Wit, by nooks of Fancy gliding,
Drifted thy bark along,
While o'er thy spirit, with a sweet abiding,
Dallied the breeze of Song.

Till the perpetual swell of fierce emotion,
Of restless care and strife,
Foretold that thou wert nearing that broad ocean,
The mighty sea of Life.

Across its waves forever high and crested,
Forever icy cold,
Fluttered that breeze from shores where once it rested,
And lapped thee in its fold.

Oh! weary voyager on that Atlantic
Of human woe and wrong,
Didst thou not see its billows wild and frantic,
Lulled by the Breeze of Song?

THE LOST PLEIAD.

WE never weary when the Poet sings
 Of Love's deep wrongs, or of their just requital,
The tale a charm about our spirits flings,
 Fresher with each recital.

For gentle influences fill the heart,
 Though selfishness or pride had barred its portal,
And with their nameless power awake that part
 Of us which is immortal.

And, as we read how young hearts loved in vain,
 There comes a sympathy, a secret yearning,
That summons back our spirits' earliest pain
 Through Memory's fields returning.

Or, if the page but tells of joy-lit eyes,
But speaks of hopes untinged with grief or sadness,
Remembrances of happy days arise,
When Life was Love and Gladness.

So if I weave in idle rhyme the tale
Of the Lost Pleiad, haply it may waken
Some strain of Memory's music, sweet though frail,
As the lute gives, breeze-shaken.

Long, long ago when Gods with mortals dwelt,
So runs the old and classic Grecian story,
When o'er the shrines at which their votaries knelt
Was flung their visible glory ; .

When every forest echoed with the strains,
From some Pan's pipe in witching cadence ringing,
Whose music now in Grecian verse remains,
Like faint and far off singing ;

When heroes who on Earth had nobly died,
Leaving a name that breathed of gallant daring,
Were by their wondering fellows deified
A War-God's title bearing ;

When from the heights of some vine-covered hill,
The sacred laurel 'round his temples wreathing,
Earth's daughters heard, with pulses hushed and still,
Apollo's love-song breathing ;

In that sweet time when Earth was fresh and young,
Unstirred by Time from out its infant slumbers,
Seven sisters in a Grecian valley sung
In sweet and rapturous numbers.

Their lyres were redolent of magic song,
And from their lips such blissful tones were falling,
Immortals listened eagerly and long,
Bound by the spell entralling.

Such music was too beautiful for Earth,
So, on one bright and cloudless summer even,
The maids were placed, despite their mortal birth,
Among the stars of Heaven.

And there the notes that once were heard below,
Fell from their lyres and lips so wildly thrilling,
It seemed as if the glad and golden flow
Of Song the sky was filling.

And mortals gazing on the starry band,
As Hesper led them at the daylight's dying
Up to their place in Heaven, on Earth would stand,
At their departure sighing.

Each eve, a virgin choir, their vesper hymn
Throughout Jove's courts was softly, sweetly steal-
ing,
Nor ceased till morning came, cold, gray and dim,
Their starry crowns concealing.

But ever when they met at night to sing,
Love came to listen to those accents holy,
Spell-bound, with fervent eye and folded wing
Charmed by their beauty solely.

For there was one, the fairest of the band,
With lustrous eyes and long and silken tresses,
Close to whose side the God would oftenest stand,
Seeking her sweet caresses.

And faint and fainter grew the notes that fell
From the sweet harp of that bewildered maiden,
Or if it woke a more harmonious swell
It was with passion laden.

One night their song was hushed, for there was one,
Who of her flight had left a mournful token,
There at their feet was flung her starry crown,
Her harp was lying broken.

Nor in his place, where he was wont to be,
Was Love, as they of old had known him linger,
Charmed by the wild and wondrous witchery
Of that young, beauteous singer.

They mourned, but all in vain, no more, no more,
Came their fair sister to her place returning,
And in the skies where Seven had shone before,
One Star has quenched its burning.

LITTLE NELL.

Recd. Page

THOU standest in Life's morning ray,
A bright-eyed spirit, though a child,
Upon thy feet the sunbeams play,
And, glittering, trace a golden way,
With sorrow undefiled ;
With tearless gaze thy trusting eyes
Look out on scenes like Paradise.

Around thy path the roses spring,
And violets bathed with dews of Heaven,
Love o'er thy dear form spreads its wing,
Hearts beat for thee that still will cling
To thine while life is given :
An angel walketh by thy side
Thyself to shield, thy steps to guide.

Thou dwellest in a fairy land,
With Childhood's roseate sky above thee,
Bright visions rise at thy command,
And soft-eyed spirits near thee stand,
Whose only care is but to love thee ;
Thou seest them, they fill thy dreams
Like music born of woodland streams.

Time hurries on, its current strong,
Will bear thee down its ceaseless tide,
And, borne upon the breath of Song,
My prayers shall waft thy bark along,
Would that my hand could guide ;
So should it float o'er placid waves,
By banks whose flow'rets sunlight laves.

In romance thou wilt read of one,
Who bore thy loved and gentle name,
For her all clouded was Life's sun,
Life's blessings seemed her path to shun,
And grief her heart to claim ;
Yet, though a weary path she trod,
It reached at last the throne of God.

Not, not for thee her lot of tears,
Thy path in life should brighter be,

But all that “ Little Nell” endears,
All that so angel-like appears,
 May it be found in thee !
My prayer, my wish is told, Farewell,
God bless and guard thee, Little Nell.

LENORE.

THE weary night of Winter
Had closed the wearier day,
And he sat amid the firelight,
With a fancy far away;
For the brow in wrinkles knotted,
And the lip that quivered fast,
Told how his soul was smitten
By the sorcery of the Past:
Oh, wonderful Magician!
Could I but read thy lore,
I should know what spell awakened
That vision of LENORE.

It was no longer Winter,
In that wondrous dream and rare,
But the earth was green with Summer,
And Song was in the air,
The chain of age was loosened,
And his form was lithe and young,
Love's light was in his glances,
Love's words were on his tongue ;
He was walking by the river,
On its shelving, sandy shore,
In a summer's fragrant twilight,
And with him walked LENORE.

In his breast that sudden passion,
Had again its secret birth,
And he only saw one Being,
Heard one voice alone on Earth.
They walked together slowly,
And her hand in his was lain,
But the light touch of those fingers
Thrilled him through with pleasant pain :
“ I am sad, yet very happy ; ”
This he said and nothing more,
But, in his eyes once looking,
She knew he loved LENORE.

Oh, words of lowest cadence !
 Oh, glances filled with fire !
Ye fill the sleeper's vision
 With soft, renewed desire ;
Again each golden morning,
 Again each tranquil night,
Bring back the olden rapture,
 The tremulous delight :
Love's hands have filled Life's chalice,
 And every drop they pour,
Is but a fresh oblation
 To her, the loved LENORE.

It is Autumn in his vision,
 And fade the leaf and flower,
And in his heart are fading
 The hopes of Summer's hour ;
The rain is falling slowly,
 Where Sunshine once had lain,
And tears are flowing, telling
 The heart's unspoken pain ;
The birds are flying southward,
 To seek a warmer shore,
Farewell to them and Summer,
 Farewell to thee, LENORE !

Gone is the winged vision,
Its hopes, its fears, all gone,
And, awakened, he is sitting
 In the firelight, all alone ;
Yet Slumber's gracious Angel
 Hath blessed him ere it fled,
So, smiles that played while living,
 Will beam on lips when dead :
No light gleams in the chamber,
 Nor glows upon the floor,
But when shall die in darkness
 That vision of LENORE !

FLIGHT.

He, walking up the path.

It is the window, see, the rays
 Shoot forth from her pale, beacon lamp ;
Warm on my heart falls that dear blaze,
 And blesses this midnight dark and damp :
Cover me close, oh, wide-winged night !
 And guide me, cresset flame ! aright :
And while my song the dusk air stirs
 Reach, reach, oh Song ! no ear but hers.

He, singing.

If thou hast slept, the cloudy sky
 Must shed no opiates on thine eye ;
If thou hast dreamed, the winged dream
 Must fly ;
For, oh, there comes a waking dream,
 Since I am nigh.

I bring the true heart, oh, how true,
That watches the long daylight through,
And kisses, than which no lip more warm,
E'er knew ;
And the heart of truth and kisses warm
Are all for you.

What is the day, the dreary day,
To me since thou'rt away, away !
But when there flows from raven skies
No ray,
I watch the rising of thine eyes, —
Awake, I pray.

He, speaking.

So, darling, close and closer yet,
Upon my lip thy red lip set,
And open the petals of thy heart,
Like the flushed moss rose-bud's, wide apart,
That, bee-like, I may shut me there,
Where the dews of passion, deep and rare,
May drown my sense and blind my sight
To all things, all but thee ;
Darling ! who hates the lovely night !
It gives this gift to me.

She, speaking.

I thought of thee when on my sight the twilight creeping
Shut out the earth, and left me, dearest, sadly weeping ;
I thought of thee, when, timid at my bedside praying,
Thy blessed name through all my holiest thoughts was
straying ;

I dreamed of thee when the dim lamp began to flicker,
And on my soul the veil of Sleep fell heavier, thicker ;
I dreamed of thee when o'er my open casement ledges
The flowers, unseen by me, thrust in their perfumed edges ;
I woke to thee to hear thy sweet song upward stealing,
The passion that I dare not doubt to me revealing,
I woke to thee to wish thy clinging arms about me,
I came to thee, for, oh, I cannot live without thee.

He, speaking.

There's a flower that closes by day, by day,
Its lids of fragrance, but when the Sun
Has driven his fiery barbs away,
Is kissed by the stars alone, alone.
There's a gem that at noon tide is dim, is dim,
And shames the finger it rests upon,
But seems in the night-time in light to swim,
Like the light of thine eyes alone, alone.
Sweet flower ! rich gem ! upon this breast,
When He who watches has gone to rest,

Thy fragrance lingers, thy brilliance shines,
In seas of odor, in radiant lines.
List ! through the rose-environed alleys,
The night wind with the fragrance dallies ;
You can hear the breezes — that bold brave band,
Lay on each flower their shadowy hand ;
They ruffle the leaves and petals, and steal
To the heart that the flower would fain conceal ;
So I, like the night-wind, have swept to thee
From my home far over the surging sea ;
I have clasped thy beauty, thy lips I kiss
With the long drawn kiss of Love, like this.

She, speaking.

And, oh, to die with thee beside me,
Were not so much a death,
And, when my own breath was denied me,
To feel on my cheek thy breath ;
This, this to feel, and thy dear hand clasping
My own in the fearful strife,
And thine ear to catch my last low gasping,
It would not be Death, but Life.
But give me Life, if life with thee,
Or over the shore, or over the Sea,
And I follow, I follow, I follow, and He
Shall follow in vain ;

For the might of Love that sets me free,
Will baffle him back again.

She, singing.

Where, through leafy forest arches,
Silence, like a conqueror, marches,
Where the cloud-rack's shifting shadow
Staggers o'er the open meadow,
Where the wave with treacherous hand
Strangles the unthoughtful sand,
Where the ocean smites the skies,
Till it blinds their starry eyes,
Through the forest, by the meadow, on the sand and o'er
the brine,
Will I follow thee and follow thee and follow to be thine.

He, speaking.

See, where the small waves kiss the shore,
My light boat rocks and waits for thee,
And thou hast told me o'er and o'er,
That where I went was Home for thee ;
Thou wilt not fail me,— no, the blood
Of thy true heart flows up thy cheek,
Then come,— before us lies the flood
O'er which our home of love we seek.

She, singing.

And so, Good-bye.

I leave behind me fields and flowers,
I leave the place of Childhood's hours,
I know not yet what home is ours,

But still, Good-bye.

A long Good-bye.

I know what arm is 'round me thrown,
I know what true lip meets my own,
Whose brown locks 'midst my hair are blown,
Yes, yes, Good-bye.

He, singing.

A long Good-bye.

I came, a reckless rover here,
I found and won all Life holds dear,
And now, light heeds the Buccaneer
To bid Good-bye.

Once more Good-bye.

I held Love's vigil while He slept,
I seized the prize He lightly kept,
And to His ear let thus be swept
My last Good-bye.

Together, on the sea.

Take our Good-bye

Oh land, where our young love ran rife! —

We dare the billow's storm and strife

Together, till in Death to Life

We bid Good-bye.

A VAIN REQUEST.

“FORGET me and be happy,” Yes,
I might be, but thy form and face,
In all their quiet loveliness,
Have left upon my soul a trace
So deep, Time cannot dim, far less
A single line erase.

Forget thee ! how can I forget ?
No Lethe’s current flows for me
To drink oblivion there, and yet
I would not from thy power be free ;
No, I would spurn the draught, nor let
It drown one thought of thee.

Forget thee ! no, it gives not pain,
To call to life the buried Past,
To waken in my mind again
Those hours of love that flew too fast,
And firmly rivet Memory's chain
With thy last look, thy last.

Forget thee ! there is not a tone,
A glance, a sigh, a smile of thine,
That Passion has not made its own,
And reared for it a holy shrine ;
About thy very name is thrown
A magic half divine.

Forget thee ! no, around my heart,
Some memories cling that cannot fade,
And I must with existence part,
Ere they can lose their slightest shade ;
And so, where'er, whate'er thou art,
My love is deathless made.

THE CHURCH-YARD AT HOME.

I do not feel the ruthless sleet,
I do not heed the cutting cold,
The wings of Memory o'er me meet,
And lap me in their soft, warm fold ;
There comes a long blown summer breeze,
There rustles grass with flow'rets starred,
And fragrance of its locust trees
Floats to me from a green Church-yard.

Within the porch I stand again,
A boy, with griefless heart and eye,
I see the Sabbath-going train,
With old-time faces passing by ;
They walk amid the shadows flung
By trailing boughs on grassy sward,
And through the door, wide open swung,
They enter from the old Church-yard.

I hear the loud voiced organ send,
 Its tones of blessing o'er the throng,
I hear the hymns of praise ascend,
 In notes of sweetness lingering long ;
The steps steal softly up the aisle,
 The doors with no harsh clang are jarred,
And, through the panes, the sunbeam's smile,
 Flows fair across the old Church-yard.

The sunbeams wander through the place,
 And rest upon one gentle form, —
Oh, fairest form ! Oh, dearest face !
 Ye made the sunshine doubly warm ;
The loving glance to me that steals,
 Hath all the prayer and preaching marred,
I only see who near me kneels,
 She only hallows that Church-yard.

Yes, those who sung, and those who prayed,
 And those who met at Sabbath morn,
And she, the long lost one, who made
 That spot more holy, all are gone ;
Yet, could I cross the weary waste,
 By which the past is from me barred,
'Twould be one moment to be placed,
 In boyhood, in that dear Church-yard.

BALLAD.

HE met her in the forest glade,
Alone and poorly clad was she,
The rank and riches of the maid
Were truth and virgin purity ;
She was the violet, not the rose,
Her path and his were wide apart,
And pride of birth and wealth arose
To check the yearnings of his heart.

They parted, if her image kept
A brief enshrinement in his mind,
Passion and pleasure o'er it swept,
And scorched it as the desert wind ;
But she had looked and she had loved,
That love she knew was all in vain,
And even hope but mockery proved,
For they might never meet again.

They met again within the glade,
But rank and wealth were his no more,
And scorned, deserted and betrayed,
His faith in woman's love was o'er ;
Yet she to her first dream was true,
Her heart's tide throbbed as wild and warm
As when, 'neath Fortune's sun, she knew
The one who now had felt its storm.

And he has found that rank and wealth,
Can never buy so sweet a flower,
As that which bloomed, as if by stealth,
Within that humble forest bower :
She never mourns his fallen state,
The Exile's young and blushing bride,
Nor deems she that an adverse fate
Which linked his fortunes to her side.

HOMELESS.

She stood alone on the sullen pier,
With the night around and the river below,
And a voice, it seemed to her half crazed ear,
Was heard in the water's plashing flow ;
“ You are tired and worn, come hither and sleep,
Where your poor, dim eyes shall cease to weep,
And no morning shall break in sorrow.”

The long grass hung from each wave-washed pile,
And the water amid its loose locks ran,
And she thought with a strange and ghastly smile,
Of a long fled day and a false, false man,
How her fingers had combed his damp, brown hair,—
But he and the World had left her there,
With no friend but the beckoning water.

Was Heaven so far that no angel arm
Might 'round the Homeless in love be thrown,
To keep her away from hurt or harm ?
Or was it, in truth, a mercy shown,
That left her at night, alone, to think
Of her manifold woes upon the brink
Of that deep and pitiless river ?

She looked to the far off town and wept,
And, oh, could you blame the poor girl's tear !
For she thought how many a maiden slept
With Love and Honor as wardens near ;
While she was left in the world alone,
With none to miss her when she was gone
Where the merciless waves were calling.

No human eye and no human ear
E'er saw a struggle or heard a sound,
And the curious never could spare a tear,
As they looked at morn on the outcast drowned ;
But, ah, had speech been given the Dead,
Perhaps those motionless lips had said
“ No Homeless are found in Heaven.”

THE LEE-SHORE.

THE blast is raging landward,
And the shore is on our lee,
And thy cheek is chilled with kisses
Of the rude and ravenous Sea.

Oh ! when in storms we shuddered,
And grasped each other's hand,
Did we think the ship was sailing
Where we should curse the land ?

But I heard our staunch, old captain,
Saying, " In an hour or more,
" We shall need to cry, ' God help us,'
" For the ship will strike the shore."
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So, clasp thine arm about me,
And clench this rope with me,
Let us live or die together,
On the land or on the sea.

I am thinking, (canst thou hear me
In this re-echoing roar?)
Of that day we walked together,
Where we shall walk no more.

The stream flowed fast beside us,
And we stopped in silence there,
While I pulled the water-lilies
And tied them in thy hair.

Now, the waves that flow beside us
Bring Death to thee and me,
And now thy hair is sparkling
With the salt foam of the Sea.

I am thinking, (canst thou see me
By the lantern's dying light?)
How I told thee of my passion,
On that silent summer night.

The roses were around us,
And the grass was at our feet,
And, in one kiss of rapture,
We felt our young hearts meet.

But now alone the tempest,
And the flapping sails are heard,
And I kiss but lips of coldness,
And I hear no answering word.

Drive on, oh fated vessel !
Dash on the jagged shore !
Two hearts are clung together
To part in Life no more.

MAMIE.

FROM the rose-wreathed window falling,
I hear a sweet voice calling,
Saying "Come to me, my darling,
 I have waited long for thee,"
Ah, how can I lose my darling,
 Whom the morrow bears from me.

Though I press her to me nearly,
Though I know she loves me dearly,
Still one thought of sorrow merely,
 Through my saddened spirit thrills,
That my darling, loved so dearly,
 Goes when morning lights the hills.

Closer to thy true heart press me,
 With thy kisses still caress me,
 With thy words of true love bless me,
 Wind me in thy white arms' thrall;
 Ah, so soon to cease to bless me,
 Must I, darling, lose them all?

 It is night, but still I borrow
 From its darkness balm for sorrow,
 Oh, I only dread the morrow
 That will take my love away;
 For the dawn will bring but sorrow,
 How I dread the coming day.

 Not one good-bye word is spoken,
 Nor is given a farewell token,
 And the stillness is but broken
 By the sigh of parting pain;
 But we know what love is broken,
 Shall it e'er be whole again?

MARY'S WALK.

HERE is the path we trod together,
 Side by side, and hand in hand
In the beautiful summer weather,
 When the roses were in the land ;
Little we cared for the golden summer,
 Less for the roses that flaunted nigh,
Each to each was a dearer comer
 Than odorous roses or summer's sky.

Here it was that the words were spoken,
 Low in tone and in number few,
Blessing us both with a tender token
 How each fond heart to the other grew ;
Down in the bushes the birds were singing,
 Down in the west the sun was low
But a dearer song in our ears was ringing,
 And our hearts were warmer than sunset glow.

L' ENVOY.

If aught here said or sung,
Has soothed one care to rest,
One hour from grief has wrung,
Or cheered one weary breast,
It is reward enough, and thus confessed.

So go, ye simple rhymes,
Go forth, and plead for me,
Tell how, when rung the chimes
Of Hope or Memory,
One heart, at that sweet sound, sought to be free ;

Sought to be free, and spoke
As it has spoken here ;
Not all in vain it broke
Through its repose, for near,
Another heart replies in words how dear !

“ Oh, golden dreams of Youth !

 Oh, Life's glad morning prime !

Oh, days of Love and Truth !

 Your long lost air and clime

 Come back, to me at least, in this poor rhyme.

T H E E N D .









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